

went to duty, and hard duty it was with the means we had at our command. The place had been entered by the enemy before we came, and at this time was in their possession, and most all the provisions given by the people or taken by the enemy that was to spare. We had nothing upon which to feed our wounded save such as we begged from house to house, and being an exceedingly slow proceeding, the women of the city being so frightened they kept in their cellars, out of the way of the shot and shell, they consequently could do nothing for their own families, to say nothing about us.

WORKING UNDER HANDS.
We were reduced to straits. Our provisions were fast running out, and might just as well have been a thousand miles away for all the good it was to us. We had a little beef extract, and but little of it. We could be going to the houses to get a little apple-butter, sometimes a little lard or oil. In this condition we worked along the first and part of the second day.

However, in looking around I found a bakery. The proprietor told me if we could get flour, butter and eggs, he would furnish us sufficient quantity to supply our present necessity. I talked with the officers of the enemy on the street, telling them our situation and what I could do if they could only get flour. They said they had plenty of flour in their trains, and for me to go and see Gen. Hays. I did so. He sent me to Gen. Ewell, out to the east of Gettysburg on the Potomac road. I found the General eating his breakfast on the bridge-way of a small Pennsylvania train. I saluted him and he told me to wait a moment while he called for me. He came and I told him I wanted to know how many sick and wounded we had to feed. I told him I could not tell, owing to the confused condition of things incident to the battle; the wounded were constantly coming in, and I had no record, it was impossible to keep one; but I thought about 2,000. If we could get provisions for that many I believed we could get along.

He replied in a sharp manner that it was a queer way of doing business, wanting bread to feed people and not knowing how many there were to feed. He directed me to go back, and the flour would be there. I did go back, feeling fairly good, thinking I had found the way out of a very trying position. The flour never came.

FOOD AT LAST.
On going back to the bakery and telling the baker what I had done, the baker asked me in a quiet way if there was any assurance a person would be paid, provided any provisions could be obtained. I answered that there was just as much certainty that the Government would pay his debt as there was that it would be able to maintain its integrity against the sea with which it was contending. As for me, I had full faith in its ability to do so, notwithstanding the sad condition in which we seemed to be placed at that time. I had full faith in the justice of our cause, and fully believed in the end we would be victorious.

Either my argument or the presence of the enemy all around us made an impression on him, for after talking a short time he said he had some crackers and would let me have them. I gave him vouchers. He procured his money, as he never troubled me afterward. A Confederate officer gave me a guard. The baker took up his gavel floor, and from a kitchen place he knew how to make bread. The greater portion of the flour had been carefully milled down, but little good they would have done us; but as it was, we got the crackers out safely.

They were content among the different hospitals and some among private households where wounded men were placed for the time. I will remember of Mrs. Catharine Powers, one of the heroines of Gettysburg, coming and getting an apron full for her "poor fellows," as she styled them. Well, they were cared for who had the good fortune to get into her house. Her whole family gave their undivided attention to the wounded under their care, without reward or expectation of any. When winter came on, and Mr. Powers wished to put on his winter clothing, he had none; all had been used for the benefit of the sick and wounded. They had during the time about 200 one dyed; Mrs. Powers died later, at a ripe old age, receiving the blessings of those for whom she cared.

GEN. EWELL'S MANNER.
My intercourse with Gen. Ewell did not give me a very favorable opinion of the man. His bearing toward me was that of great superiority, giving the impression that it was to him a great condescension to enter into conversation with an ordinary Yank. I never saw him afterwards, and am unable to say whether the five days following knocked any of the sense out of him or not. I met quite a number of the rebel officers on the streets. They were cordial and gentlemanly. Several times the pickets stopped me. They were reprimanded, and told I had the right to go where I pleased inside of their lines. I accordingly did so, and the privilege when there was a prospect of getting something for our sick and wounded, or those of the enemy in our care.

I had noticed when visiting Gen. Ewell that large quantities of guns and other war material were being gathered, and that the Eleventh Corps men taken prisoners had that unpleasant duty to perform, carrying it from the field, storing it up carefully prior to its removal.

In the afternoon, or towards evening of July 3, as the cannonade was progressing, an old Confederate officer with his staff came along by our hospital, the Catholic church. He said "We must go up here," meaning the cupola of the church. The young men looked up, and did not seem to admire the undertaking; they did not make any move toward going. The old gentleman said:

"Young men, dismount and give your horses to the Orderly." They did so, and all went up into the gallery of the church, thence to the ladder into the cupola. I alone of our men going with them. At that time a splendid view was to be seen of the left of our line as far as Big Round Top.

At this time little or nothing can be seen. When we looked out upon the broad expanse laid before us a beautiful but terrible spectacle was presented.

reached the hill above they were just in time to meet the Pennsylvania Reserves, when they were pushed down the rocky side of Round Top to the Valley of Death, to the Den, to the woody space beyond, where fell Dr. Taylor, the gallant Colonel of the Bucktail regiment.

Gen. Longstreet said that had they been held not more than 10 minutes, or even not more than 20 minutes, the Confederates would have had Little Round Top, the key to the position. Longstreet was certainly a General of great perception and great military sagacity. But such is war. Momentous events turn on very small points. His plans failed almost by accident.

Gen. Longstreet had advanced quite a distance when Gen. Sickles came from behind a slight barricade of stones and advanced to meet him. The enemy advanced in elegant formation, the most military movement I have ever seen made.

The Third Corps did well, advancing in good shape until they were almost within gunshot of the enemy, when the line began to have somewhat the appearance of a woman, being bent and ran; were reformed and advanced again, and came up the top until within about the same distance of the enemy, when they again broke and away they went.

My friend, the General, and his staff were highly elated; the young men cheered; I was exceedingly depressed. Sick at heart, I left the lookout, went down into the gallery, and lay down upon a bench.

After some time the Confederates came down looking crest-fallen, showing that things were not going quite to their liking. They hurried away, possibly giving information of the knowledge obtained from the top of our hospital. It afterward proved that those men, at first filtering, afterward went into and made one of the grandest contests for civil liberty the world has ever witnessed; not like the hosts of Napoleon, fighting without an aim, but for principles grander, nobler, weighty than had ever been assigned to the arbitrament of the sword. Gloriously did they perform their part. All honor to them.

The evening and night of July 2 are not readily blotted from the memory of those engaged in the fight of that day. Best time I have spent in my life, with the best of friends, with fearful loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners; I had seen the streets raked with grape and canister after our retreating columns; the dead, swollen to three times their natural size, lying as they fell upon the thoroughfares of that small town, and many of the Eleventh Corps captured. The hosts of the exultant enemy were around us, declaring that on the morrow they would "clean us out" and go on their way rejoicing to Baltimore and Washington, there to dictate terms of peace of abject submission on our part.

THE THIRD DAY.
At this time little we knew of how much force we had—how many of our men had reached the scene of action. We knew they had long, hard marches to get there, oppressed with heavy burdens and intense heat. Rebel enlisted men told me how much force they mustered, and what they were going to do on the morrow. I thought it probable that the rank and file knew so much of movements to be made. The officers had nothing to say. After events, however, proved the truth of the assertions in regard to their plans of action.

With the morning came renewed strength on our part; also on the part of the enemy. At early dawn our men attacked them fiercely, driving them back. The contest was sanguinary, the enemy losing heavily, Ewell's Corps being the one engaged on the part of the enemy.

The enemy losing in the morning what they had gained the evening of the second, it is not hard to see they had little to encourage them. They, however, held to the idea that our lines could be broken; hence the insane charge of Pickett, resulting so disastrously to them.

Gen. Kemper, of the enemy, said to me that one of the officers in that charge was thrown upon the ground, wounded. After the smoke and dust had cleared a little he raised himself to his feet, and said: "Such is the fortune of war." The evening of the 3d of July those of us in the enemy's lines could only surmise as to how things were going. We had but little to cheer us; though the enemy had gone through our hospitals and paroled the sick and wounded.

AFTER THE BATTLE.
Early in the morning of July 4 I was called and told that the enemy had gone, and we were left to pleasant reflections as to the results. After the battle provisions poured in from every quarter. Soon the Catholic church was wanted for service. We sent our patients some to one place, some to another. I went to the Courthouse for duty. It was soon wanted for the purpose of meeting out justice. I then went to the Seminary. We had Gen. Kemper and Timble with a number of other Confederate officers, Kemper being the only brigade commander of Pickett's Division left after that fearful slaughter caused by his charge on our left-center.

These Confederate officers had scores of friends to visit them, particularly Timble, who had lost a foot in the fight. Ladies from Baltimore came and brought to him an abundance of good things to eat. Kemper liked to have me talk with him, no doubt feeling lonely. We sometimes had a pretty warm, and rather hesitating, to his sentiments fully and frankly. A warm friendship sprang up between Kemper and me. He was a gentleman of whom I learned to think highly before we were separated by the fortunes of war.

"AMERICAN CONFLICT."

(Continued from first page.)

no reinforcements, but I hope we will receive them soon. The Yanks have been shelling our breastworks, but no damage done. It is very disagreeable sitting in these dirty ditches, but this the Confederate soldier expects and bears cheerfully; but another long hot day has passed, and who knows what may be our situation at this time to-morrow evening?

"June 6.—The Yanks attempted a charge last evening, but was repulsed. Whistling Dick is at work to-day; it has played a full hand, all to pieces. Charley Dixon and Berry Hagia was wounded by fragments of our shot sheller, which was not down. Our sick has been removed to the ravine. It is difficult to get something to eat. The Yankee artillery is playing upon us all around. The Hessians burned our commissary with a shell to-day.

"June 10.—Another day and night has passed, and this position waiting, we have received no assistance. We have lain in the ditches 20 days, and still there is no prospect of success, but I truly hope we will soon receive reinforcements. The men are getting sick very fast. The Yankee artillery is keeping a dreadful noise. I and Mormon have been detailed for some extra duty. The Hessians gave us a few rounds as we were

unavailable. The Editor would be glad to receive from the veterans (Volunteers and Regulars) articles of from 50 to 100 words, written exclusively for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and for publication in general, and treated with special regard for historical accuracy. The Editor desires for publication outside of the regular columns of the Tribune, and in the form of a personal adventure, or of humorous incidents, connected with war service. Articles of this kind will be published in the Tribune, and will be paid for. Stamps should be inclosed if the manuscript be returned if unavailable.

EARLY SERVICE.
Lively Times in Missouri at the Outbreak of the War.
EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I enlisted at Cincinnati, O., in October, 1860, under an assumed name, as I was too young for the army, and my parents would never have consented for me to enlist, and was assigned to a detachment destined for the 4th U. S. Art., stationed on what was then considered the Far Western frontier. There were 150 of us, and we proceeded from New York, to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., in January, 1861. About that time the runnings of the night events which followed during the four succeeding years were just beginning to be heard.

To me a pleasant nothing. I was anxious to see what would be the result. But the several old soldiers who belonged to our detachment would look grave, and as many of them had seen hard fighting in the Mexican war and on Indian campaigns, we would gaze at them with awe, and listen to their tales of war. I often wondered how it would feel to be in an actual battle, and if a bullet would wound him much.

One night, I think, in the middle of February, the Acting First Sergeant of our detachment, Henry H. Hooker, afterwards a valiant officer in the 1st Mo. Art., came through the quarters at Jefferson Barracks, and selected 40 men to march immediately to St. Louis Arsenal.

In less than half an hour the squad was under way, and before daylight all hands were safely within the Arsenal walls. What did it mean? To me nothing. But to others it meant that serious trouble was at hand. A military organization known in St. Louis as Minute Men threatened to seize the Arsenal, with its abundant stores and munitions of war.

Before our arrival the Arsenal had been garrisoned by a detachment of about 10 or 15 men of the Ordnance Corps, under command of old Maj. Hagner. The "Original 40 Thieves," as they afterwards came to be known, not on account of their dishonesty, as a tremendous rate last night. I went to the Arsenal, and found the Arsenal walls and trade their clothing for canteens of whiskey, were soon after reinforced by the other 110 recruits from Jefferson Barracks, and by Co. B, 24 U. S. Art., commanded by Capt. (afterwards Gen.) Nathaniel Lyon. Soon afterwards came Co. F, 24 U. S. Art., commanded by Capt. James Totten, who had turned over the Arsenal at Little Rock, Ark., to the State authorities by order of Buchanan's Secretary of War.

After the arrival of the reinforcements, St. Louis Arsenal was considered secure from any attack from the Minute Men, and awaited events which soon came. Fort Sumter was fired upon, and 75,000 volunteers were called out. Frank P. Blair and Gen. Lyon combined and captured the Missouri State troops at Camp Jackson, and by a coup d'etat got control of the State Government of Missouri, and the ordinance of secession had been passed.

They proceeded up the Missouri River and took possession of the Capital, and the only resistance met was by a small force at Booneville, which was easily routed. Gov. Jackson fled to Booneville, and then to Jefferson City, and started out on the northward road, and did not stop until they crossed into Arkansas.

More than 20 years later the writer stopped at a small town in northern Arkansas, and upon being told that Gov. C. F. Jackson had died there, and was buried in the village graveyard, I was impelled by curiosity to see the spot where he was laid to rest, the remains of one who had played so important a part in Missouri's history in the early days of the civil war. I could not help feeling sad when I came to the grave, and overgrown with weeds, and only distinguished from many others by the name on the simple tombstone, "C. F. Jackson, Governor of Missouri." The place and date of birth and date of death were omitted. "Alas! to what have we come!" I thought, and Frank Blair having arranged a State Government at Jefferson City to his satisfaction, a campaign was organized to expel the rebels from the State. We proceeded towards Springfield, stopping two or three times to reorganize, and on one of these stops I left some 19 or 20 others, were assigned to Co. F, 24 U. S. Art., which afterwards gained considerable fame as Totten's Battery at Wilson's Creek on the 10th of August, 1861. And as fine a body of young men as ever wore Uncle Sam's uniform.

The officers, except Deering, resigned, and entered the Confederate service. Capt. Totten alone remained true. Many of the men were of Southern birth, and many were the inducements offered individual members of Battery F to join secession, and to their honor they refused, and proved false to the flag. Later during the war, many of the members of the battery could be found in almost every brigade of the Western army, filling positions from Colonels down to Second Lieutenants.

Blair's old regiment, the 1st Mo., was at the battle of Wilson's Creek changed to a regiment of light artillery, and the wonderful efficiency of some of its batteries at Vicksburg and elsewhere can be attributed to the fact that such men as L. D. J. Dunnell, McGinniss, Dan Hudson, Washman, Day, as they called it, rather than British, on account of their liking for Rhodes left themselves to his ultra-imperial British purposes.

In the way of his ambitions stood the Transvaal Republic and its President, Com Paul Kruger. To complete the Rhodesian scheme of a united British South Africa, Rhodes concluded that the Transvaal Republic must be wiped out, and his honor was accordingly for the purpose. Rhodes was not to disturb the balance of power which the Dutch held in their favor. Rhodes' raid failed. Rhodes knew that if he failed, his reputation would be ruined. He would seem to show that the nerve of the man, if not his character and ability, is of a high order.

The Dutch residents of Cape Colony voted more against Rhodes than in favor of Kruger. They do not like Kruger's tariffs, and it is just possible that if he makes the tariffs more exacting they will turn to Rhodes as the salvation of their self-interest, vindictive his contention that it is his policy which has brought prosperity to them.

FIGHTING THEM OVER

(Continued from first page.)

What the Veterans Have to Say About Their Campaigns.

The Editor would be glad to receive from the veterans (Volunteers and Regulars) articles of from 50 to 100 words, written exclusively for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and for publication in general, and treated with special regard for historical accuracy. The Editor desires for publication outside of the regular columns of the Tribune, and in the form of a personal adventure, or of humorous incidents, connected with war service. Articles of this kind will be published in the Tribune, and will be paid for. Stamps should be inclosed if the manuscript be returned if unavailable.

IN DREAD CABAHA.
Comrade Veterans Spent a Long Time There, and Was in the Sultana Disaster.
EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the issue of Sept. 8, a Picket Shot from P. D. Hall, of Victory, Tenn., recalled events that happened in dread Cabaia. I was captured by the Johnnies in their first charge at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1861. I was taken South and kept in a stockade at Meridian, Miss. A short time, and then removed to Cabaia. I was on the cars Christmas day, and my dinner consisted of raw corn. Comrade Hall says nothing about the water from the river lapping up all through the prison, but I remember it perfectly well.

The night the water came in I was asleep, with three others, on the ground floor. I was dreaming a very pleasant dream of my Northern home, and when I awoke my feet were in the water.

I was asleep the night of the attempted outbreak. When I awoke the men were running around with guns, and the way the rats hustled us in the corner when they got their guns back was a caution. The rats made every man strip and pass through their lines, in the endeavor to find the man hurt with the bayonet. I was under the water, and was slightly wounded in the hand, and passed their lines without being detected, holding his clothes in his hands about his head, hiding his wound.

I remember Sambo quite well; he took many a laugh at his dog-rick of catching bread in his mouth. Comrades, how many remember "By Mighty"? If I mistake not he was a Sergeant and belonged in Sambo's mess; his by-word was "By Mighty," so we all nick-named him. I would love to know if he got out safe, and if he is living.

I was among the last who left old Cabaia. Col. or Maj. Jones said that the best wish he could make for us was, he would never see our faces there again. The boys answered him: "We are sure Yanks now, but when we come back we will be wild."

I will remember the rainy evening we arrived at the Big Black River, and our men would not receive us that night. We had to turn back and camp in an old denuding. You can just bet it took good talking to turn us back.

Next morning the sun shone bright and warm, and you ought to have heard the Yanks yell that we gave them no rest that night. I want to say just here that when we reached the Big Black that night I was so "done up" it was impossible for me to lift my feet clear of the ground; I had to slide them along.

We were put in parole camp four miles from Vicksburg. Remained here about a month, and were sent to Vicksburg and put aboard the ill-fated steamer Sultana.

We started up the river, and when a short distance above Memphis she blew up, causing the loss of hundreds of lives. I made my escape with some others, on the stage-plank, and finally was sent to Camp Chase, O., where I was discharged and sent home. Where are the Cabaia comrades? Let us hear from more of you.—ERASTUS WINTERS, Corporal, Co. K, 60th Ohio, Constance, Ky.

HON. JOSEPH SIMON.
Above is a picture of Hon. Joseph Simon, of Portland, Ore., recently elected Senator from Oregon, receiving the full Republican vote. He is one of the leaders of the party from his State, having lived there since he was a young man. He was born in 1837, was admitted to the bar in 1862, and held high positions in the Republican State Committee, and is President of the State Senate.

PICKET SHOTS.
From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.
Two Sons at the Front.
J. A. Thuma, Co. C, 6th Ohio, Leverings, O., writes: "So many of the boys are continually writing war reminiscences, and I have been so deeply interested in reading them in our old paper for the past 20 years, that I had almost forgotten that I was one of them. But I, too, was there as a member of the 64th Ohio, commanded by that brave Christian soldier, Brig.-Gen. Chas. G. Harker, who gave his life to his country on the Atlanta campaign."

"I was among the youngest soldiers, enlisting Nov. 2, 1861, when not yet 16. I was with the regiment over 37 months, and participated in the hotly-contested battle of Franklin, Tenn., after my term of enlistment had expired.

For over 20 years I have been taking THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and if there is only one paper truthful enough to swear by I believe that it is. I have three sons, and they have been educated to stand by Old Glory, and to-day they are in Porto Rico, members of Co. L, 4th Ohio. The youngest is Corporal and the older, Orderly Sergeant."

"The Revolving Battery."
H. H. Cook, Sergeant, B. H., 1st Mo. L. A., Ottawa, Kan., writes: "In the issue of Sept. 22 is a letter from John N. Prentice, of the 57th Ill., and another from 'High Private,' 51st Ohio, telling of the expedition of the Second Division, Sixteenth Corps, under Gen. G. M. Dodge, from Corinth to Tusculum in the Spring of 1863. I was with that expedition. The boys called us 'the revolving battery.' In the years past I have written several letters which have been published in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, but not a word have I seen from any other member of my company. Where are the boys? Are they all dead? Was there any history of the regiment or of any of the companies ever written? I am surprised to hear anyone say that any regiment of that division refused to obey any order given for their number. I think it raised nearly every day while we were out, and the dew at night

Why You Are Ill
When Other People All About You are Well and Strong.

It is because your system was more susceptible to attacks of dyspepsia. Because disease was allowed to develop, and sap your strength. Disease originates in impurities in the blood. Hence the importance of keeping your blood at all times in a healthy condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, rheumatism, catarrh and all other troubles originating in or promoted by impure blood, and it keeps people well because it expels all disease germs from the blood and makes it rich and pure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 for six. Be sure to get Hood's. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hescock and many more like them gave the law volunteers their first lessons in artillery tactics. There are few of the old boys left, and as I, who was the youngest man in the battery, am now 54 years old and gray as a badger, the others who are living are all old men. It is less than I met one of them. Jim Wallace, of Iron Mountain, Mo., about 25 years ago, was Battery H was with the division until the Grand Review at Washington, when each organization was sent home for muster-out. I am sick, and cannot write more. Would like to hear from some of the boys."

Storming Lookout Mountain.
G. W. Rodgers, Co. C, 42d Ind., Santee, Mo., writes: "The description of the storming of Lookout Mountain given by John G. Longworth, 17th Mo., is good so far as it goes, but I never have seen in all these years a word about the Fourteenth Corps in that fight. The First Brigade, First Division, Fourteenth Corps, was ordered to join Hooker at the foot of Lookout Mountain. We went up on the first rise of the mountain, and white house, and were ordered forward to relieve the front line, which we did. We lost one man killed in Co. C, 43d Ind., G. W. Klyen by name, and two wounded."

We remained on the mountain until daylight of Sept. 25, when we joined the command in line of battle in front of Mission Ridge on the extreme right. We lost several men, but drove the Johnnies into Hooker's arms."

Capture of a Rebel Flag.
S. Daughters, Co. I, 17th Iowa, Keokuk, Iowa, replying to Capt. L. D. Immel, 12th Wis. battery, St. Louis, Mo., who claims one of his men captured the flag of the 55th La. at Corinth, writes: "I with two other comrades of the 17th Iowa captured the flag of the 55th La. The Confederate who carried the flag was wounded in the leg. When we were within about 10 feet of him he shot at us with a pistol, slightly wounding one of our party. He said the flag was his, and the flag was alive. We took the flag and his pistol, and retreated back to the regiment. I gave the flag to Gen. J. C. Sullivan, our brigade commander, who, as soon as the firing had ceased, rode up and down the line with the flag around his neck. The flag is now at Des Moines, Iowa."

At Harper's Ferry.
A. A. Jones, Toledo, Iowa, writes: "I was a participant in the Harper's Ferry disaster, and reading the account in 'The American Conflict,' I wish to make a statement, admitting to the whole the account given by Horace Greeley."

"As to the cavalry cutting out, I would say that the evening of Sept. 14, Col. Volk, 12th Ill. Cav., came to Col. Cameron, of the 65th Ill., and requested him to put his regiment in the rear of the cavalry, stating at the time that he (Volk) was going out to capture the rebels. Cameron did not fall in the rear as Volk requested, and that night at 12 o'clock he, Volk (not Davis, 8th N. Y. Cav.), in charge of the cavalry, cut his way out."

Iuka and Corinth.
Thos. G. Frost, 12th Wis. battery, Sigel, Ill., writes: "In your paper of Sept. 19, I give Greeley's account of Iuka and Corinth in 1862. The 12th Wis. battery was there in both fights, and fought hard. Two pieces were in the fight on the first day at Iuka. The second the battery threw shells at the rear of the rebel army while retreating. At the battle of Corinth the 12th Wis. battery was on an extreme right, and changed to more central position in the second day's fighting near White House, north and east of the town, for several hours. I consider that we stopped the enemy's advance. The 6th Wis. battery was in front of us, and were driven from their guns. The enemy advanced on Sept. 5, changing in full force, but with double-loaded caissons supported by infantry, they were repulsed."

The greatest cures in medical history are being accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE NAVY COSTS MONEY.

Some Items of the Great Expenditures for United States Warships.
According to Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Van-Clipp, the new vessels added to the Navy cost \$17,748,285.

The Harvard and Yale cost the Government \$2,500 a day. If the vessels of their owners would have been paid \$1,000,000 each, the St. Louis and St. Paul were hired for \$2,500 a day, and appraised in case of loss at \$3,125,000 each.

The cost of a 13-inch gun is \$63,000 and its mount \$18,500. An 8-inch gun costs \$12,000 and its mount \$5,200. To fire a 13-inch shell costs \$550, and an 8-inch shell \$134.

To give all the vessels of the Navy a complete new outfit of ammunition it would cost \$6,521,935. The cost of ammunition for one battle-ship is \$385,197. Admiral Dewey took \$1,000,000 worth of ammunition with him to Manila.

Each one of the five rounds his ships made in destroying the Spaniards cost \$100,000, and powder \$1,000. At least \$500,000 worth of shot was fired at Cervera's fleet, and it destroyed \$16,300,000 worth of Spanish naval property.

Admiral Dewey's coal bill for the month of April last was \$81,872.91. The cost of building the Oregon was \$3,791,777, and the average cost of the battleships has been \$3,250,000. On 23 fast ships the Government has paid \$2,250,000 for the speed premiums. The battleship of the Minneapolis got the most—\$114,000, and that of the Newark the least—\$36,857.

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TAKE A HINT.
Hundreds of agents are looking for something that will be wanted now when people are not buying much. They are looking for a good, reliable, and useful article that will be an improvement over anything of the kind now offered to the public; they are something that people have a good reason for buying, and every house all the year round. They cost but little, and the agent is a good profit for the satisfaction. Better sell a good article at a fair profit than a worthless article at a bargain price. There is a money in a good, reliable article that will do all that is claimed for it, providing you get something that is really a good article. Write to me, and I will send you a list of the best of the best. Write to me, and I will send you a list of the best of the best. Write to me, and I will send you a list of the best of the best.

PERSON SPECIALTY CARD.
22 Deane street, New York City.
Dear Editor—We want a few men in every State to exhibit our Cuban Panorama and Views in halls, schoolhouses and churches, and to sell our Cuban Panorama and Views for \$1.00 per day. Only a few dollars capital is necessary to start and we turn up everything. We want a few of a few of the best of the best. Write to me, and I will send you a list of the best of the best. Write to me, and I will send you a list of the best of the best. Write to me, and I will send you a list of the best of the best.

SPRING BED FREE sent freight prepaid to agent for portable bed springs. One agent per State. Write to me, and I will send you a list of the best of the best. Write to me, and I will send you a list of the best of the best. Write to me, and I will send you a list of the best of the best.

were so heavy that we did not have a dry blanket to sleep in; they were rolled up wet in the morning and taken out in that condition, and they were too late to dry them. The comrades tell the story of the just about as I remember it. We ferried our ammunition-chests over Bear Creek on an old scow, and forded the stream with the guns, the horses being obliged to swim part of the way. Battery H was with the division until the Grand Review at Washington, when each organization was sent home for muster-out. I am sick, and cannot write more. Would like to hear from some of the boys."

Storming Lookout Mountain.
G. W. Rodgers, Co. C, 42d Ind., Santee, Mo., writes: "The description of the storming of Lookout Mountain given by John G. Longworth, 17th Mo., is good so far as it goes, but I never have seen in all these years a word about the Fourteenth Corps in that fight. The First Brigade, First Division, Fourteenth Corps, was ordered to join Hooker at the foot of Lookout Mountain. We went up on the first rise of the mountain, and white house, and were ordered forward to relieve the front line, which we did. We lost one man killed in Co. C, 43d Ind., G. W. Klyen by name, and two wounded."

We remained on the mountain until daylight of Sept. 25, when we joined the command in line of battle in front of Mission Ridge on the extreme right. We lost several men, but drove the Johnnies into Hooker's arms."

Capture of a Rebel Flag.
S. Daughters, Co. I, 17th Iowa, Keokuk, Iowa, replying to Capt. L. D. Immel, 12th Wis. battery, St. Louis, Mo., who claims one of his men captured the flag of the 55th La. at Corinth, writes: "I with two other comrades of the 17th Iowa captured the flag of the 55th La. The Confederate who carried the flag was wounded in the leg. When we were within about 10 feet of him he shot at us with a pistol, slightly wounding one of our party. He said the flag was his, and the flag was alive. We took the flag and his pistol, and retreated back to the regiment. I gave the flag to Gen. J. C. Sullivan, our brigade commander, who, as soon as the firing had ceased, rode up and down the line with the flag around his neck. The flag is now at Des Moines, Iowa."

At Harper's Ferry.
A. A. Jones, Toledo, Iowa, writes: "I was a participant in the Harper's Ferry disaster, and reading the account in 'The American Conflict,' I wish to make a statement, admitting to the whole the account given by Horace Greeley."

"As to the cavalry cutting out, I would say that the evening of Sept. 14, Col. Volk, 12th Ill. Cav., came to Col. Cameron, of the 65th Ill., and requested him to put his regiment in the rear of the cavalry, stating at the time that he (Volk) was going out to capture the rebels. Cameron did not fall in the rear as Volk requested, and that night at 12 o'clock he, Volk (not Davis, 8th N. Y. Cav.), in charge of the cavalry, cut his way out."

Iuka and Corinth.
Thos. G. Frost, 12th Wis. battery, Sigel, Ill., writes: "In your paper of Sept. 19, I give Greeley's account of Iuka and Corinth in 1862. The 12th Wis. battery was there in both fights, and fought hard. Two pieces were in the fight on the first day at Iuka. The second the battery threw shells at the rear of the rebel army while retreating. At the battle of Corinth the 12th Wis. battery was on an extreme right, and changed to more central position in the second day's fighting near White House, north and east of the town, for several hours. I consider that we stopped the enemy's advance. The 6th Wis. battery was in front of us, and were driven from their guns. The enemy advanced on Sept. 5, changing in full force, but with double-loaded caissons supported by infantry, they were repulsed."

The greatest cures in medical history are being accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE NAVY COSTS MONEY.

Some Items of the Great Expenditures for United States Warships.
According to Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Van